

Washington D.C.

June 28th 1866.

Hon. James A. Garfield
of Ohio.

Dear Sir:

I sent you the other day a few bottles of our native California wine, merely for the purpose of showing you that we are not, like the old foggy, looking out from behind the times; though it is possible we may get knocked in the head by a passing event.

Such wine as this is calculated to strengthen the judgment and satisfy the most sceptical gentleman in the walls of Congress of the necessity of taking an interest of such vast prospective utility to the human race. Why, Sir, it would be murder in the first degree to strangle this infant giant of Temperance, now innocently deporting himself in his cradle. Tax cradle if you please; tax the light of woman's eye; tax the light of other days; tax your own ingenuity; tax human forbearance; tax Patience sitting on a monument during a brief; tax war, hacks,



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sacks, backs, backs; took a tax on all attacks
on tax; but don't, I beseech you, tax such
a beverage as this - the common grape - the
grape with which you may be shot ~~with~~ every
day of your life, yet never burst.

Sir, I hope it is not in your heart to
crush this innocent babe when it comes back
to the House, appealing in plaintive accents
to the tenderest sympathies of your nature.
I trust you will take it by the hand with
fatherly care, and say - "go forth, little one, and
grow and flourish and give health and happiness
to the human race."

Sir, the tears stand in my eyes when
I picture to myself the slanted and wretched
little bunchback that gentleman in your House
would make of this infant or - digy. Think of it
yourself - as a father and a man! Staggering
with five cents a gallon on its back through
the desolated vineyards of California! Think
of it as a Christian: "in the morning it groweth
up like a flower; in the evening it withereth
away."

I will not believe you can do such

violence to human nature. No, Sir. It is not
in that genial eye and generous face of yours
to do it.

I take it for granted you have tried the
Port. I am tell you, "an Port in a Storm";
but I can assure you amidst the storms of
legislation, there is no Port like Wilson's native
land. Go into that, Sir, and you will find it
a haven of rest -

"A harbor for the sick and lame

"A harbor for a bosom in hurt."

Let you should doubt what I say,
I send you a copy of my travels in the East
as a kind of certificate of character. Read
that and you will find that a strict adherence
to facts is my strong point. Of course stretch
the truth, but paint it just as it is - "Strange,
stranger than fiction."

Yours very truly,

J. Ross Browne

City of Oakland

State of California.

